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A

SPOUSAL HYMN.

[Price One Shilling.]

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BRITISH MUSEUM

A SPOUSAL HYMN,

OR AN

ADDRESS

TO HIS

MAJESTY

ON HIS

MARRIAGE.

By JAMES SCOTT, M. A.

Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge.

Το φιλαμφιδιον δε μοι μιλος προσπλα
Αμφι λοετρατε, και λεχος
Σον υμεναιον ιδειν γαμων. Æschyl.

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MDCCLXI.

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THE PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Verſes had two reaſons for not inſerting them in the learned and elegant collection of Poems now preparing at Cambridge: one was, that they were much too long, and would have had as dull and awkward an Appearance as a large Briſtol-ſtone beſet with Diamonds: the other that he could not have endured their being ſhortened by the hands of the public Officer, and thro' a perhaps unhappy

tenderneſs for his Offspring had not reſolution enough to do it himſelf.

Theſe were the private reaſons that induced him to publiſh this performance ſeperately; and he thus openly declares them, leſt the Ingenuity of Malice and Envy ſhould forge others, which could never have entered either into his head or heart.

As to the Merits of the Poem, he deſires rather to be try'd by a jury of Freemen, than of Criticks—eſpecially if theſe latter are of that venal ſort, who ſo far from the *Pow'r*, have not even the *Form* of Liberty; whoſe Loyalty too is all farce and affectation, a begging Paſſport to Preferment—from ſuch he expects no Quarter, nor indeed deſires any; ſince next to the Approbation of the honeſt and ingenious, is to be wiſhed—the Cenſure of the Knave and Fool.

EPITHALAMION.

AS, when diffus'd in ſolemn trance
Her dear delight the Latmian ſhepherd lay,
Fond Cynthia came with lightning-glance,
And o'er his boſom ſtream'd her virgin ray:
So come, O gentle Muſe, if e'er aright
I pay'd my vows, if e'er implor'd
One ſcanty beam of thy celeſtial light;
Proof to the muckworm miſer's golden hoard,
Nor envious of the ſtateſman's fair renown,
The warrior's deathbought wreath, and monarch's thorny crown.

Come, Guardian of my natal hour,
That bad'ſt me chuſe the ſtill ſequeſter'd grove,
The pathleſs mead, and woodbine bow'r,
Where placid Cares, and penſive Pleaſures rove;
Where oft by moon-light's ſilent, ſolemn glade,
Pale Paſſion muſing loves to ſtray,
And hand in hand, by Melancholy led,
In thoughtful loneneſs wear herſelf away;
O come, in all thy radiant charms confeſt,
And fire with glowing zeal my fond, devoted breaſt!

I aſk not flourets freſh and gay,
From Pindus cull'd to pleaſe the vainly great;
No ſilken ſtrain, no tinſel lay,
To cloke ſome public Knave from public hate:

No,

No, Virgin, no.—Fair Freedom's veſtal Flame
Pervades my ſoul; for Her I twine
The votive wreath, for Her thy hallow'd Name
Invoke, O make thy choiceſt treaſures mine;
Breathe Inſpiration thro' each gen'rous line,
Thy genuine form impreſs, and ſtamp the work divine!

Then ſhalt thou, GEORGE, the ſong approve,
O Britiſh-born! O Freedom's ſacred heir!
O thou, whom all the Graces love,
Religion's boaſt, and Virtue's darling care!
Fain would the Muſe attempt thy various praiſe,
But ah in vain!—thro' * Ida's bow'rs
With dubious foot th' aſtoniſht woodman ſtrays;
Where ſhall his work begin?—Ye ſylvan Pow'rs
Direct the blow; here oaks aſpiring riſe,
There, Monarchs of the grove, tall cedars prop the ſkies.

* Theocr. Εγκωμ. Πτολ.

Say

Say ſhall the Muſe thy patriot-Sire
Recall to view? Tell how with conſcious ſtate
She ſaw the god-like Prince retire
To glorious exile, like Timoleon great?
Glad heard the voice, "Avaunt, ye wretched Train,
"Shall I my Country's cauſe betray?
"Betray my Soul, my God, for ſordid gain?
"Periſh the thought!—Ye Slaves of gold away!—
"In venal courts tho' baſe corruption reigns,
"Know Liberty ſhall breathe thro' Kew's indignant plains."

He ſpoke, and lo the reptile crew
Struck dumb with wonder fled!—Hail ſacred ſource,
Whence GEORGE his patriot morals drew:
Proſper, ye heav'nly Pow'rs, their genial courſe!
O bid them branch into a thouſand rills,
A thouſand ſtreams!—Where'er they flow,

Whether

Whether all glift'ring down the loftier hills,
Or thro' the ſtill, and humbler vales below,
Let health purſue, no noxious weeds be found,
But flow'rs immortal riſe freſh-breathing ſweets around!

Prophetic wiſh!—See Diſcord flies,
With all her rebel rout, her hell-born train!
See Faction falls, and Party dies,
They die fell ſerpents, in his dawning reign:
Thus ſure preſage of many a glorious deed,
Bleſt Omen of immortal fame,
The Son of Jove, when near his infant head
Devouring ſnakes in pois'nous volumes came,
Graſpt in his brawny arms the ſcaly foes,
Smil'd on the danger paſt, and ſunk to ſoft repoſe.

And now again, with careful hand,
Her goodly plants fair Science joys to rear;

And now again all blooming ſtand
The beauteous Progeny of Art; they fear
No killing froſts, no thick unkindly dews,
Such as from Belgian plains ariſe;
The genial clouds their pearly drops diffuſe,
And ſhow'r increaſe of ſweetneſs from the ſkies;
The youthful Sun, in his meridian throne,
Beams with indulgent ray his foſt'ring influence down.

Hail favour'd Iſle! bleſt Seat of Fame!
For conqu'ring arms, and peerleſs arts renown'd!
Hail mighty GEORGE, thy darling name
Oft ſhall the Muſe with honeſt joy reſound:
Not that abſtemious, prudent, juſt, and wiſe,
Thy ev'ry deed fair Virtue guides;
Nor that thy thoughts with holy ardour riſe
From Earth's low baſe, where Vice and Paſſion bides,

To

To Heaven's bright manſions, there their ſweets diſpenſe,
Grateful as hallow'd fumes from breathing frankincenſe.

Ay me ſo great, ſo bold a Flight
Beſeems not ſhepherd-ſwain, in lowly Mead
Far from Preferment's giddy height
Condemn'd alas an hireling flock to feed!
Yet will I ſing how thy diſcerning Eye
The boiſtrous ſea of life ſurveys,
Where toiling ſore the Sons of Merit lie,
Till call'd by thee their weary heads they raiſe:
What minute Drop, but cheriſht by thy care
A coſtly Pearl becomes of matchleſs Beauty rare?

Charm then your pipes, ye ſhepherd ſwains,
And bid the hills, and dales the Song repeat,
Your Patron, your Auguſtus reigns!—
But hark with undulation ſoft, and ſweet,

What

What melting muſic ſteals upon the ear!
Am I deceiv'd, or doth a Choir
Of winged Cupids fan the buxom air
'Till Silence ſmiles: while from their ſilver Lyre
Harmonious numbers flow, whoſe dulcet breath
Would recreate a ſoul beneath the pangs of death?

I did not err, a Choir of Loves
Sublime in Air attune th' enchanting lay;
They leave Idalia's blooming groves,
And Cypria's myrtle ſhades, where jocund ſtray
The Graces, Smiles, and Hours, where Nature's care
Profuſely kind allures the ſight,
And wraps the ſenſe in bliſs: ye Virgins fair
Of Britain's Iſle, ſweet daughters of delight,
Receive the cherub throng, to you they fly
With welcome tidings fraught, bleſt harbingers of Joy.

Lo lo ſhe comes from th' Albine Shore
Your maiden Queen, adorn'd with peerleſs charms:
Like Phœbe, when by Taurus hoar
Enamour'd Alpheus ſtrove with eager arms
To graſp the Fair: ah fond, and hapleſs boy!
Ah cruel wayward Dame!—in vain
He breath'd his am'rous ſoul, for all too coy
Swift as the Roe ſhe ſought the diſtant plain;
Left him to pour in tears his plaintive theme,
Till chang'd by love, and grief he melted to a ſtream.

See where from Ocean's pearly bed,
Whoſe huddling waters paſs unwilling by,
She comes with eaſy modeſt tread,
'Midſt echoing crouds, and rapt'rous ſhouts of joy:
Twas thus, the life-reſembling * tablet ſhews,
In youth and beauty freſh and gay

* The famous Picture of Venus by Apelles.

The Paphian Goddeſs from the waves aroſe,
While dolphins gambold thro' the watry way,
Old Neptune ſmil'd, the ſea-green ſiſters ſung,
And all the rocks around with Iô Triumph rung.

But ah what Dædal hand can trace
The glowing beauties of her air and mien;
The lively ſweetneſs of her face,
And eyes where wiſdom's azure beams are ſeen?
Her boſom fraught with honour's maiden treaſure,
Unblemiſht faith, mild modeſty,
Eternal love, unſoil'd by baſer pleaſure,
And conſtant truth, and ſpotleſs chaſtity,
Where thoughts, that Angels might admire, are bred,
And flames of holy zeal, by pure Religion fed?

Hail Virgin hail divinely bleſt,
By heav'n endow'd with all that's good and great!

O Flow'r of Virtue, in whoſe breaſt,
Imperial Reaſon dwells in royal ſtate!
There, there ſhe ſits as Queen on iv'ry throne,
The vaſſal Paſſions round her ſtand,
In ſuppliant Guiſe her rightful Pow'r they own,
And hear her ſtill ſmall voice, her ſoft command:
Far from the pure, and unpolluted ſhrine
Each baſe Affection flies, each haggard nurſe of ſin.

Leave then, ye Siſters, leave the * Spring
Whoſe hallow'd waters flow thro' Minyas' land;
Conduct to Britain's blooming King
This all-accompliſht work of Nature's hand:
'Tis yours, imperial Nymphs, whate'er is ſweet,
And fair and ſplendid to beſtow;
On you attend Wealth, Wiſdom, Beauty, Wit;
Nor ſeated on Olympus' laughing brow

* The River Cephiſus in Bæotia, on whoſe Banks the Graces were thought to reſide Pind. Olym. 14th.

Will

Will choirs celeſtial move till you advance,
Nor ſhare th' ambroſial feaſt, nor lead the ſprightly dance.

And thou, O Queen of ſoft deſires,
Whoſe radiant ſmiles diſpel the gloom of care,
And kindling friendſhip's pureſt fires,
Chaſe from the ſoul Suſpicion, Doubt, and Fear,
Thoſe grieſly forms: O come, bewitching Pow'r,
Come gently, o'er the bridal bed
In genial dews thy choiceſt pleaſures ſhow'r;
Such as in Arcady's voluptuous ſhade
* Lycæus felt, when ſtretcht on Maia's breaſt
An image of himſelf th' enraptur'd God impreſt.

Nor thou, Lucina chaſte and fair,
Nor thou, ſweet Genius of the nuptial bow'r,

* Jupiter.

Be

Be abſent; on the royal Pair
Profuſe of joy your kindly bleſſings pour!
O haſte, ye Guardians of the ſacred rites,
Whoſe aid prolific pow'r ſupplies,
So ſhall Britannia bleſs their pure delights,
When future GEORGES, future CHARLOTTES riſe;
By whom reflected diſtant times ſhall find
The Mother's matchleſs Charms, the Father's virtuous Mind.

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